

JACKSON COUNTY SENTINEL

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GAINESBORO, TENN., THURSDAY, NOV. 15, 1917

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

UNCLE SAM'S SOLDIER TELLS OF SERVICE IN FRANCE.

Among First to See Duty In Trenches.

Some where in France
The news has been given out that Americans are now in the trenches, so I suppose it will be alright for me to tell you that I am also right there with bells on. It is eight o'clock in the morning but I am writing to you by candle light. The light of day does not creep into the trenches rapidly, and that's the reason for the candle.

It's very cold in here and my fingers are becoming numb, so I may not be able to write all the things I had intended. We marched to the trenches under cover of darkness, in a pour-down of rain and through a sea of mud. But notwithstanding the uncomfortableness of it all every lad was happy. Preparations and anticipations of months were at last being realized. We were taking our places on the firing line in front of the Germans' guns. For hours through the night our boys marched through the rain and mud, taking their places in the trenches. There was little noise; we had cautioned against making any unnecessary sound, and when day broke the following morning, the first American gun was fired, and Uncle Sam's soldiers had at last entered the war for humanity. The entire movement of troops to the trenches was accomplished without the Germans finding it out.

Yesterday was the happiest day of my life. The big box of tobacco and cigarettes sent by my Vevay friends arrived. In the same mail was the thirteen novels sent by you, and a box from home. Can you imagine me sitting in the trenches, the first real American cigar I have seen in months, between my lips, smoke curling up, over the top, and the Vevay Enterprise spread out across my knee? Well that's the picture, and honestly I didn't pay a bit of attention to the booming of the guns, and the shells flying over the trenches. I'll never be happier until I have accounted for my percentage of the Huns, and man I'm going to get my part of them, too.

I don't say that in a boasting way, at least I don't mean to boast. I think no different than any other of Uncle Sam's soldiers. We're here to win the war, and winning it means that we've got to kill the Germans. So there you are. As for the the Germans getting me, I don't believe they can do it. The thought of me get-ting killed never bothers me in the least, because I'm not going to get killed, I'm coming back, and I don't believe its going to be very long either.

The Germans first line trench is but a few hundred yards away. Their guns keep up a constant serenade, and our boys send back shot for shot, but at a distance of several hundred yards it's mighty hard to locate a hole in the ground and drop a shell into it.

We have been having cold nights, heavy rains have been falling for a week, and the ground is now a solid mass of

mud. But the elements have not deterred Uncle Sam's men from their work. The boys have stood in mud almost up to their knees for hours at a time, while doing their duty. The rain has drenched them to the skin, and a 60 mile wind has made their bodies as cold as ice. But through it all the boys have never faltered an instant. They are upholding the reputation of U. S. troops in all the wars of the past. They are positively the best soldiers on earth.

The Y. M. C. A. and the salvation Army branch of the Red Cross are with us constantly. Their ministrations bring comfort to the boys throughout their long hours of labor.

There is one thing I want you to publish for the benefit of the rest of the boys from home who will soon be over here. Tell them to bring a camp pillow with them. It is made of rubber folds up into the size of a pocket handkerchief, and is carried in your pocket. Imagine how uncomfortable it is. Picture the soldier on his feet fighting hour after hour. At nightfall when the firing partially ceases, he drops on the ground exhausted, with nothing on which to place his head unless it is possibly a stone or a piece of wood. Tell the boys to get one of these pillows, or tell their folks to buy one for them. Nothing is needed more by the soldier.

(Note—The above letter was written by a young man from the editor's former home, Vevay, Ind. He is a member of the 18th Inf., Co. M., which was among the first troops to go to France, and was one of the first American soldiers to see duty in the trenches. The letter is taken from the Vevay Enterprise, and we publish it for its news value—Ed.)

Hilman Trousdale, Former Jackson County Boy Dies In Training Camp.

George Hilman Trousdale, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Trousdale, of Red Boiling Springs, Tenn., was born at Rough Point, Jackson County, Tenn., August, 23, 1891, and died at Camp Sevier, Greenville, S. C., Nov. 3, 1917, of heart failure.

He lived in different parts of Jackson county until three years ago, when he came to Red Boiling Springs, Tenn., with his father and mother where he made his home until he was drafted for army service Sept. 7th, 1917. He had an ordinary free school education, but possessed very fine business qualities. He was in the mercantile business with his father and brother for a number of years, and for the past five years has been traveling for Coleman, Kirkman-Cannon Co., and was one of their most valued salesmen at the time of his call to the army.

He was the fourth man to register in his district, the first man called for examination, and the first one accepted for service from Macon county.

On Sept. 7th, he left his home for Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga., where he served in Battery F, 321st Field Artillery until Oct. 16th, when he was sent to Camp Sevier, Greenville, S. G. and placed in Truck Co., No. 4, 115th Supply Train, where he served (continued on 2nd page)

Thanksgiving Proclamation

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

A PROCLAMATION.

It has long been the honored custom of our people to turn in the fruitful autumn of the year in praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God for His many blessings and mercies to us as a nation. That custom we can follow now even in the midst of the tragedy of a world shaken by war and immeasurable disaster, in the midst of sorrow and great peril, because even amidst the darkness that has gathered about us we can see the great blessings God has bestowed upon us, blessings that are better than mere peace of mind and prosperity of enterprise.

We have been given the opportunity to serve mankind as we once served ourselves in the great day of our Declaration of Independence, by taking up arms against a tyranny that threatened to master and debase men everywhere and joining with other free peoples in demanding for all the nations of the world what we then demanded and obtained for ourselves. In this day of the revelation of our duty not only to defend our own rights as a nation but to defend also the rights of free men throughout the world, there has been vouchsafed us in full and inspiring measure the resolution and spirit of united action. We have been brought to one mind and purpose. A new vigor of common counsel and common action has been revealed in us. We should especially thank God that in such circumstances, in the midst of the greatest enterprise the spirits of men have ever entered upon, we have, if we but observe a reasonable and practicable economy, abundance with which to supply the needs of those associated with us as well as our own. A new light shines about us. The great duties of a new day dawn a new and greater national spirit in us. We shall never again be divided or wonder what stuff we are made of.

And while we render thanks for these things, let us pray Almighty God that in all humbleness of spirit we may look always to Him for guidance; that we may be kept constant in the spirit and purpose of service; that by His grace our minds may be directed and our hands strengthened; and that in His good time liberty and security and peace and the comradeship of a common justice may be vouchsafed all the nations of the earth.

WHEREFORE, I, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, do hereby designate Thursday, the twenty-ninth day of November next, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, and invite the people throughout the land to cease upon that day from their ordinary occupations and in their several homes and places of worship to render thanks to God, the great ruler of nations.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done in the District of Columbia this seventh day of November one thousand nine hundred and seventeen of the Independence of the United States of America the one one hundred and forty second

WOODROW WILSON.

By the President:

ROBERT LANSING, Secretary of State.

FROM OUR BOYS IN KHAKI.

Lewis Botts Writes From Camp Gordon. Y. M. C. A. Work Explained.

Camp Gordon, Nov. 12, 1917. To the Jackson County Sentinel, and my many friends in Jackson county.

I can not write you all a personal letter, but I can let you hear from me and some of our Jackson county boys who are here through the Sentinel.

We, the Jackson county boys together with an increment of twenty-five from Putnam county, and sixteen from Smith county, arrived here Nov. 7.

We found quite a number of Tenn. boys a number of whom we are acquainted with, we found them very well satisfied.

We found the situation more pleasant than we had hoped.

Everyone seems to realize that he is a member of a great family and treats his associates with brotherly kindness. There are some humble characters here and we are very glad to see them receive the same kindness as those who have been better blessed.

Fortunately everyone seems to realize the gravity of the situation and those who have come from homes of plenty as well as those who have come from homes of poverty are making the best of the situation.

Most every one seems happy and cheerful. Many of our boys are married some have from two to four children, these get a little blue sometimes, but we cheer them and they laugh and joke with the rest of us.

We differ in opinion as to when this war will end, some think it will close within six months oth-

ers within twelve months still others within three or four years but the curtains of the future must hang.

We had a review this morning it sure was a thrilling scene, something near forty-two thousand armed men were marching as to battle, our blood ran cold, as we participated in this drama, we realized that perhaps in the near future we would be marching on an unknown soil stained with the blood of our allies, not to be reviewed by our officers but to crush the German militarism.

Fathers, mothers, sisters, wives, and sweethearts grieve not for us, for upon us depends the future of this nations liberty, democracy and the religion of Christ must stand or fall with us, pray that we may be true to our cause or die upon the field of battle. Pray that we may be spared and returned to you crowned with laurels of victory, bring honor to you, glory to this nation and freedom to the world.

L. M. Botts.

15 Co. 157 Depot Brigade, Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga.

Y. M. C. A. Doing Great Work.

P. S.—I am writing this in one of the buildings erected in our camp by the Y. M. C. A., and of stationery which is furnished us.

What does the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. do for us fellows, you ask?

Well, I'll tell you.

It provides outdoor and indoor games, baseball, basketball, volleyball, football, checkers and chess. It supplies entertainment music and moving pictures. It conducts classes in French, English and other Educational branches. It organizes Bible classes and promotes a strong religious work program. It keeps the fellows out of trouble by filling their spare hours with useful and enjoyable occupations. It takes the place here of school, church and home, and more, it's a soldier's and sailor's club. Its secretaries are friendly men, living under the same camp conditions as ourselves.

When we go overseas these comforts and men will go with us to do for the American boys what they are doing for our allies in England, France, Russia, Mesopotamia, Egypt, and Italy. The "Y" is already over there.

The aim of this work is at all times to keep us fit, happy and contented, and our officers and the pastors of near-by churches are helping greatly to bring these results.

To render this service here and in the other camps 600 buildings and tents are required in America and hundreds more abroad. Thousands of men, together with equipment and maintenance, are also necessary.

And it doesn't cost us fellows a cent.

Who pays it all? Well, I have wondered myself, but I've just heard how they do it.

As usual they call on the folks back home.

I've been told, too, that the fund which was raised for this work last spring has been exhausted, and they're going out again from November 11 to 19 in a nation-wide campaign to secure enough more to last until July.

There'll be campaign committees in every state and county and you'll hear more about it. It's going to take \$35,000,900.

That's a lot of money, but when you think that several million men at home and abroad are to be served it's certainly worth many times that amount.

If you know anybody who really wants to make his money count in winning the war by giving the fellows the things they need, tell him to write his check in just as many figures as he can and We'll lick the Kaiser in half the time it will take if this money is not subscribed.

Wesley Platt Arrives At New Camp From Camp Travis, San Antonio, Tex. Expects To Go To France Soon.

Nov. 10, 1917.

Dear Editor:

I haven't received any Sentinel for two weeks. I thought I would write a short letter to the Sentinel again.

We have been here one week today. It is cold up here, lots colder than Texas. I like it very well, but I think the south is good enough for me, and when I get out of the army will return.

We had a good trip up here. We were on the road seven days and nights. We stopped at most all the good towns and got off for a little stay. It was some over twenty-two hundred miles the way we came. We had some little trouble along the road, but finely made it all O. K.

I don't know how long we are going to be here. Not long I suppose. We are billed for France I understand, we are liable to sail most any time. But a fellow can't ever tell in the army, orders are subject to change. We probably will be changed and sent somewhere else. If we are not changed within a few days we will sail for some place.

Some of the boys are very anxious to go across. They say they are afraid that it will be over before they get over there.

I have made one trip to New York City. It's a pretty swell place. We are stationed twenty miles from New York City on Long Island. One millionaire club is located just across the fence from our camp. Hempstead is a town of 9000 people. It is two miles from our camp. Mineola has 15,000 people about four miles from camp.

I am very anxious to get my address to the Sentinel that I may get the papers. I enjoy reading the letters from all the boys in the service, especially the boys from Camp Gordon at Atlanta.

I hope to receive the Sentinel in a few days now.

Sincerely,

Wesley Platt.

75th Aero Construction Sq'd'n. Concentration Camp, No. 2 Garden City, Long Island, New York.

Liberty Loan Subscribers Praised by Soldier. All Must Help If Germany is Defeated. Kaiser's Prayer Quoted.

Camp Travis, Tex.

Nov. 4, 1917.

Dear Editor:

I thank you very much for the copies of your paper I have received. It sure is great to be able to read the news of old Jackson county again. 'Tis like "cream in one's coffee."

I am always interested in the doings of my home county, and am glad to read of the interest the people have taken in the second Liberty Loan, for we boys (continued to page 2)